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## WANT DEPARTMENT

Want, Found, For Rent, Lost Notices, etc., etc., will be published in this column at the rate of two cents per line per insertion, INvariably CASH IN ADVANCE. Count six words to the line. Nothing accepted for less than 25 cents.

Wanted—Men and women in Clarksburg and surrounding towns; pleasant and profitable employment; salary or commission. Address post office box 300, Clarksburg, W. Va. m13-10t

For Rent—Three rooms for light house keeping. Call at 656 Mulberry street. may13-1t

For Rent—Large room, \$6.50 a month; small room, \$4.50. Apply at 445 West Main street. mar12-1t

For Rent—Up to date apartments in Jones' flat. Apply to Philip Willet, attorney, rooms 9 and 10. Leggett building. mar10-1t

For Rent—Good store room and basement for store purposes, on West Pike street, formerly the West End Meat Market. Inquire of Attorney F. G. Vigar. jan20-1t

For Rent—A good office room, centrally located on Main street. Inquire 325 Main street. 27feb04

For Rent—Three-room cottage in Glen Elk; \$10.00 per month. Suitable for railroad men. Lynn J. Carskadon. feb9-04d

For Rent—Two apartments in Cunningham flats. Call 118 Third street. mmar30-1t

Wanted—A second hand spool cabinet. Inquire at this office. a10-1t

Wanted—Girl for general housework, no washing or ironing, small family, good wages. Inquire 522 W. Main street. april16-1t

For Rent—Furnished room with bath at 639 West Pike street. Inquire at premises or this office. a28-1t

For Rent—A good six room house with modern conveniences on Chapel street. Inquire of Dr. E. N. Flowers. may3-1t

For Rent—Three unfurnished rooms suitable for light housekeeping. Inquire at room 12, Fordyce building. 3-1t

For Sale—New seven room brick house, gas, electric wiring, laundry, cellar and all modern conveniences. Lot 40x82. Three minutes walk from court house. Two blocks from car line. Inquire at the Telegram office. 6may-1t

For Rent—Seven room house with bath and all modern improvements; on Monticello avenue. Inquire of Jasper S. Kyle, room 61 Jacobs building. m9-1t

For Sale—Four cottages and two corner lots in Glen Elk addition to Clarksburg. Price, \$3,000 for all, or will sell separately. Must be sold in 60 days. Easy payments. See Lynn J. Carskadon or C. A. Hornor. may9-2m

Wanted—An experienced double-entry bookkeeper and night clerk. Apply to W. F. Rau, Metropolitan hotel. m9-1t

For Rent—Furnished room with use of bath, plenty of air and good light. 313 E. Clark street, Glen Elk. m10-1m

For Rent—Two large furnished rooms suitable for light housekeeping. Man and wife without children preferred. Inquire at 207 East Pike street. m14-4t

For Rent—Furnished rooms with bath Call at 145 W. Main street. m16-6t

For Rent—Pleasant front room on Lee street, with bath and use of telephone. Inquire "B." this office, or at 136 W. Main street. m17-3t

**Will-o'-the-Wisp**

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Me? I'm going to be will-o'-the-wisp." Margery said airily to the horror of every soul but one in her mother's sitting room. Elwood's social leaders were gathered there, deep in discussion of the fancy dress lawn party to be given at St. Chrysostom's for the benefit of the church guild. Since the rectory adjoined the church proper there was quite a stretch of turf and shrubbery available. Therefore Mrs. Lawson, head of the broad faction in St. Chrysostom's, had been for having daylight, with tennis and archery, of course for prizes. But Miss Gerard, the leading spirit among the high church folk, had outgeneraled Mrs. Lawson and won over the powers that were to her pet scheme of lighted greenery, booths, flower girls and fortune telling.

"I'm! What will you do?" Mrs. Lawson asked severely. "It has been my impression all along that the costumes should be subservient to the well, the general effect."

Margery laughed happily. "You are quite right," she said. "Never fear, but I shall be busy enough. It will be my province to lure in unwary travelers and lead them on to financial destruction."

"Margery, how can you?" Mrs. Chase's eyes rested on her daughter full of severe reproof. Mrs. Lawson sniffed hard, but Miss Gerard gallantly to the rescue, saying: "You must have been born for the part, Margery. I don't know anybody—at least, any masculine body—who could possibly refuse to follow if you wanted to lead him—and we all know it's the men and their money we are after."

"Disgusting!" Mrs. Lawson said aside to her echo, Miss Clare, under cover of the general laughter. Margery flung a kiss at Miss Gerard, saying sweetly: "Thanky, ma'am! You have no need to dress up. You've been everybody's fairy godmother so long you can't possibly be anything else."

"Come home with me! Ned must design your costume. I want him to be-

hind me in a deeply embowered nook of the shrubbery. Miss Gerard gave Margery's hand a caressing pat, saying affectionately as she nodded toward her nephew, "He's a good fellow, Margery, and good looking—besides, you know you'll really like being mistress of Firststanes—after me."

"I suit that place better," a voice harsh and hoarse with anger said behind them. The shrubbery parted violently, letting through an overblown blond in gorgeous Greek costume, who ran on as she shouldered between the other two. "I know all about your plot—also that Firststanes is entail'd. Ned Gerard will marry me—nobody else! Marry me just as soon as my beast of a husband dies, and he cannot possibly last another year. Try as you may, madam, your will-o'-the-wisp shall not lead him away from me."

The last words were shrieked out. At the sound of them Ned hurried toward the group, flushing with shame, yet his mouth setting hard in the obstinate Gerard line. He took hold of the woman and made to lead her away, saying almost roughly: "So this is how you keep your word! You promised me on honor to stay at the inn. Get back there! At once, do you hear? Otherwise—you will not see me again."

"If you come with me," the woman said defiantly, wrenching herself from his hold and folding her arms, her large eyes fast upon him in a hypnotic stare. Miss Gerard stepped between them, her face very white. "Get this—creature—away—anyhow—Edward!" she said very low, the words coming hard. "Let us have—no blatant scandal—for the sake of the Gerard name."

"Come!" Ned said imperatively, not even holding out a hand to the woman. She made one step after him, then sprang furiously at Margery, who stood apart with averted eyes, clutching the lantern at her waist, tore it loose, swung it high above her head and brought it crashing down with all her force, aiming to strike with it Margery's crescent crowned forehead. Ned was too quick for her. With a wheeling swoop he interposed his own person and caught the blow fairly between the eyes. It sent him down like a log, breathless, senseless, inert. After one look at him the woman who had struck him ran screaming away. People rushed in from every hand, but Miss Gerard waved them back. "Fetch the doctor—quickly! There has been an accident!" she said. "Not serious, I think. The—strange lady who saw it is—easily frightened."

Margery knelt beside the prostrate figure, dabbling its face with water and crying softly. So Ned saw her when he came back to consciousness. He tried to rise, but she made him lie still until the doctor came. He was not very rebellious. The scales had fallen from his eyes. As he lay staring into the darkness, listening to the subdued stir and bustle roundabout him, he saw how near he had come to slipwreck in his worship of an unscrupulous woman.

If he had been a hero of romance he would have made it up with sweet Margery then and there. Being a manly mortal, deeply abused by the crowding sense of his own folly, he did not speak until three years later, when by hard work he had proved himself a man among men. Of course she said yes. Was he not her fairy prince? And, whether or not they will live happy ever after, this much is certain—the world outside will hear no news of disagreements.

**BEHIND THE SCENES**

THE MARVELS AND THE MYSTERIES OF STAGE REALISM.

How Storms, Rain, Lightnings, Thunder and Snow Are Produced. The Raging Sea and the Flying Spray—The Pomp of War.

If you want to realize how easily the senses can be deceived by simple artifices, said a well known actor to the writer, you should just take a peep behind the scenes of a theater. I'm not sure whether it is kind to allow you to take the peep, though, for it is not always a desirable thing to lose one's illusions, but if you don't mind I'm sure I don't, and I will guarantee that you will find the little secrets of my trade vastly interesting.

Of course you've often seen the stage storm, and a most realistic thing it is, as you know. You see the cozy room, with its glowing fire and its general atmosphere of cheerfulness and warmth, and all the more so by the howling of the blast outside. Suddenly the door is flung open, you catch a glimpse of the arctic world, and the wind rises to a positive shriek as the hero or the villain of the piece rushes in, pursued by a hurricane of snow, and bangs the door in the face of the baffled storm, and whose clutches he has just escaped.

It is all so terribly real that you insensibly shiver in your warm seat and draw your coat closer round you, and yet if you only knew how it is all produced you would—well, you would smile. Where, for instance, does that wind come from with its wonderful crescendo, from the faint sigh to the shrieks and howls of a lost ship? Let me introduce you to the genius of the storm, a gentleman who is busy turning a small wheel with projecting paddles, which, as they revolve, scrape against a tightly stretched piece of strong silk. As he turns very slowly the wind just sighs gently, like a child in its sleep; faster, and the gale grows, the wind sobs and moans and whistles, until it rises, as the wheel goes swifter and swifter, into a tumult of shrieks and howls, as if all the demons of the air were roused to a frenzy of fury.

The snow? Oh, that's just as simple! The landscape you catch a shivering glimpse of is made arctic by plenty of cotton wool and a paste brush, and the flakes which cover the hero from head to foot and melt and trickle under the genial warmth of the fire are so many splashes of soap suds. Ah, I see now you are getting disillusioned! Pity isn't it? But still it's always fascinating to find out how things are done.

As for the fire which glows so warm, it is merely so many electric lights shining through a medium of ruddy gelatin paper, while the smoke by no means comes from the fire as it ought to do, but from a concealed receptacle containing a little quicklime and hot water. There you have it all—shrieking wind, drifting snow and glowing fire realistically produced in the most absurdly simple way.

You can make the lightning zigzag in blinding flashes and the thunder roll and rattle equally easily. You can get capital thunder by rolling a cannon ball or two along the floors overhead or by shaking a piece of sheet iron pretty much as you would shake a duster. But hark! There's the rain pattering on the roof. I knew it would come, and so did a certain man behind the scenes who has poured a pound or two of split peas into a barrel. Inside the barrel, you must know, are several crosspieces of wood, against which the peas rattle in their descent—that's the rain—and when they get to the bottom he turns the barrel, and the patter patter continues while wanted.

The hero who plunges with reckless courage into the sea runs little risk even of a wetting. The waves which open to receive him are painted India rubber, which are made to roll and heave by very human agency below. The foam that he sends flying up in a cascade as he vanishes into the watery depths is a handful of common or table salt thrown up from beneath, and instead of disturbing any mermaids in their grottoes he is content to tumble on to a mattress.

Then could anything be more real than the scene in which the heroine looks down from the upper window as the soldiers—her lover, of course, among them—march off to the war? Tramp, tramp, tramp—why, there must be hundreds of them. And just listen to the cheers of the crowds lining the streets and the short, sharp words of command. How it fires your blood and makes you long to join them!

Well, come behind decks, and I will show you a handful of men, half a dozen or so, "marking time" on a loose board, clinking pieces of metal together, cheering and shouting words of command to one another, and there you have it all; the passing of a mighty host, the jingling of accouterments, the many voiced, cheering crowd—all the pomp and panoply of war.—London Tit-Bits.

**City Residents Reassured.**

"The race is growing heightened, owing to city life and the conditions of our civilization," said an eye specialist. "Our visual range is confined to near objects for the greater part of the day," said he, "and this keeps the eyes turned in. An object twenty feet away will make the eyeballs turn in."

"Anything less will turn them in, and people who spend their hours in offices and crowded flats necessarily have a short range of vision, which overworks and weakens the interior muscles close to the nasal cavity."

"The exterior muscles not being so strained are strong and hence cause the eyes to turn out. Let a person who is thus affected spend a week or two in the country and his eyes become normal again, because he gets greater range of vision. Savages are generally farsighted."—Jewellers' Circular-Weekly.

**Wooded With Music.**

Among the Yao Midos, one of the many Burmese-Tartar people, the young men woo their wives absolutely without words, but to the sound of music. On the first day of winter they have a great feast, at which all the marriageable girls gather and listen to the music made by the bachelors, who sit under the "desire tree," each playing his favorite instrument. As the maiden he loves passes him the youth plays louder and more feelingly. If the girl ignores him and passes on he knows that she will have none of him; if she steps up to him and lays a flower upon the instrument, he jumps up, grasps her by the hand, taking care not to drop the flower, and they go away together.

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**WATER RENTS.**

All water rents for the quarter ending March 31, 1904, are due and payable at the office of the city clerk. They must be paid at once, as I am required to settle for them. Prompt payments will be appreciated.

**HUGH CALLAGHAN,**  
Com. of Water Works

Dancing every Friday and Tuesday evening from 8 to 12 at the Elk Bridge hall. Come and enjoy the new music just received, since the last dance. Most pleasant dance hall in town. Floor unexcelled. Violin and electric player music. jan7-1t

The largest and best stock of harness and saddles in the state at Ed Reynolds' Call and see before buying elsewhere. may12-d&w-12t

Sole leather and shoe findings kept constantly on hand at Ed Reynolds' harness shop, Oak hall, Main street. may12-d&w-12t

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